Orangeburg Times.

$2 PER ANNUM, "ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME." IN ADVANCE.

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POETRY.

Discords.

It had some grains of truth, at least,
That fable of the Sybarite,
For whom, because one leaf was creased,
The rose strewn couch had no delight.
I think not even sober youth
Expects it's gold without alloy;
But this is still the sober truth:
A little pain can mar much joy.

'Tis pity that one thwarting thought,
One adverse chance, one sudden fear,
Or sharp regret can turn to naught
The full content that seemed so near!
But this strange life of ours abounds
With notes so subtle, they afford
A thousand discords and harsh sounds
For one harmonious, perfect chord.

[Chamber's Journal.

SELECTED STORY.

LOVE AND PAINTING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Yes," said Mrs. Western, solemnly, "It will be a very nice thing to have Beatrice well settled in life."

"Very nice," said Miss Victoria Western, with a grave nod.

Poor little Beatrice Moore! Ever since she could remember, she had been bandied and buffeted about from one home to another—from the unwilling charge of one distant relation to the loveless care of another. She had no abiding place; nobody seemed to want her. The chief object in life of those around her appeared to be to get rid of her as quickly as possible. It was a bitter consciousness to darken the life of a girl of eighteen, but such it was.

Beatrice looked shyly across at the glass, with a mental marvel whether Major Chelsey really could like her well enough to marry her, and what did she see there?

A round, rosy face, touched with fresh pink on either side, and framed in by shining rolls of nut-brown hair—eyes of deep violet gray, almond shaped, and full of wistful softness, and a small expressive mouth, crimson in color, and beautifully shaped. It was not such an unsatisfactory survey, after all.

"You had better change that rusty wrapper for a more decent-looking dress, Beatrice," said Victoria Western. "I should not be surprised if Major Chelsey were to call to-day."

"Yes, Victoria," said Beatrice, meekly, "when I have washed the breakfast china and dusted the drawing-rooms."

"Let Betty do those this morning.—It's almost twelve now," said Victoria, pettishly. "Don't, for pity's sake, be the one to overturn all our plans for getting you married!"

Beatrice sighed softly as she went up stairs.

"It would be so nice to be loved!" thought our poor little heroine, with the instinctive longing for affection that forms part of every woman's nature. "I think Hugh Chelsey loves me, and yet I scarcely dare to hope."

So Beatrice Moore put on her one silk dress—a deep crimson, that Victoria Western had worn for three winters before it descended to the dependant cousin, and pinned on the little lace collar, that had been darned and mended until there was a very small portion of the original fabric left, and brushed the brown rolls of hair until they shone with satiny gloss. And then Beatrice took the family basket of stockings and a good-sized darning needle, and sat down in the recess of the back parlor window to darn her aunts stockings and think.

Of what? Well, of what do girls generally think when the shadow of a great, all-absorbing love is creeping over their whole nature? Of what do they think when they cannot but feel how surely their own individuality is being merged into that of another? Beatrice Moore at the hour's end, could herself scarcely have told just what she had been thinking of, and yet the thoughts had been very sweet, and the time had slipped away with almost imperceptible lapse.

And what was Hugh Chelsey about that he did not make the expected visit?

"I'll go and see Beatrice Moore this morning," Hugh Chelsey had said within himself, as he sallied out into the brilliant sunshine.

Major Chelsey was a tall, fine-looking man, of some seven or eight and twenty, with bright black eyes, and curling black hair brushed away from an olive brow—a man whose life had nearly all been passed under the burning glow of an East Indian sun, and whose manners were a curious compound of easy frankness and total defiance of conventionality.

"I don't know what to make of Major Chelsey," Mrs. Milton had said, to whose house the eccentric East Indian had brought letters of introduction. "Sometimes he acts like a prince of the blood, and then again you would take him for a brigand. They say he's very rich, and yet there is not a particle of assumption about him. I declare, he's quite an enigma!"

Hugh blessedly unconscious of all the speculations he inspired in various female minds, walked along, swinging his cane, and whistling the sad, strongly-marked refrain of some old oriental air, as he wondered within himself whether Beatrice Moore would consent to go back to the palm-shaded valleys of the golden East with him.

"Hallo?" ejaculated Major Chelsey, suddenly cut short in his meditations by the unexpected apparition of a man in soiled garments and paper cap, sitting on Mrs. Western's door-step and another, somewhat better dressed, berating him most soundly.

"Why, Tom! it isn't you?" cried the major, recognizing a man who had come over from India in the same ship with himself—a light-hearted, merry young Englishman, whose constant flow of spirits had rendered him a general favorite. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Sick—no!" retorted the other interposing before the man addressed could reply. It's all a make-believe game.—I've paid him beforehand for his time, and now he needn't think I'm going to be gammoned by this sort o' thing. Come, Meredith, up the ladder with you man! This house has got to be painted by noon to-morrow, or my contract falls through!"

"I could not climb that ladder again, Mr. Field, if you were to give me a thousand dollars. My head swims, and——"

"Nonsense! it'll be steady enough when you once get there."

"But if the man is really ill?" interrupted Major Chelsey, rather sternly.

"Can't help that!" said the master painter. "The job has got to be done, ill or not ill."

"Go and get another hand," said Chelsey, in an undertone, glancing at the haggard face of poor Tom Meredith.—"Don't you see the fellow ought to be in bed."

"It's easy to say 'get another hand,'" said the painter, apparently driven to the very verge of frenzy, "but 'taint so easy to do. There aint a hand to be had.—They're paintin' St. Bartholomey's, and the Lefevre Hotel besides, and you can't get a fellow to work for you for love nor money."

"At all events, Meredith is very ill."

"He's always complainin', Tom Meredith is—and the job must go ahead."

"It's no use, Major; I'm obliged to you, all the same, but I'll try it once more.—It ain't for myself I care, but the wife and the little ones."

He took the paint pail in one hand and a stack of brushes in the other, and put one foot on the lowest round of the ladder. But even that slight effort seemed too much for the over-tasked frame—the brushes fell to the ground, and Meredith staggered back against a tree.

"Oh, come—go ahead!" urged the master, brutally; "I'm tired of all this play-acting."

"Stop!" said Chelsey, resolutely.—"Tom Meredith, go home to your wife, and tell her to take care of you. And you Mr. Painter, if you must have a hand to take his place, I'm your man."

"You, sir!" echoed the man incredulously.

"Yes, I. Hand over your pail and brushes; I painted our bungalow once in India, and it's strange if I can't handle the brushes now. What are you staring at?"

"But, Major," pleaded Tom, feebly.

"Go home, I say," waved the Major. "Hold on, give us your canvas overalls first. There—now for a day's work that shall make old skinflint down there open his eyes."

"Old skinflint," as Chelsey irreverently termed him, smiled rather doubtfully.

"If you take the responsibility of sending away my best hand, you'll undertake to make his place good, of course, sir."

"Don't I tell you I know how to paint?"

And Major Hugh Chelsey defiantly ascended the ladder, brandishing the brushes above his head, a signal of defiance.

"Well, if this aint the queerest go!" was the master-painter's puzzled comment, as he watched the scientific manner in which his new journeyman handled the brushes. "He does go about it like a fellow that understands what he's doin', and yet—well, no matter. I shan't lose anything by the change of hands."

"Not a bad day's work, hey, you in the brown paper cap?" said the Major, as he stood eyeing his performance while the others were putting away their brushes and over-garments.

"No, sir, 'taint," responded the individual addressed; "but you wouldn't work that way, I guess, day after day."

"Very probably not," said the Major. "It does tire one—but I shall sleep like a top. Little Beatsice Moore," he added, internally, "you must wait a day or two. A man can't paint houses all day and be in proper trim for love-making in the evening. Heigho! how stiff my joints feel. I wonder how poor Tom Meredith is."

Early the next morning Major Chelsey appeared on the field, ready to renew his work, but there was, fortunately, no further necessity for his services. Tom Meredith was there, gratefully touching his cap to his substitute.

"The day's rest has set me all right Major," he said. "I'm able to work now, but I don't know how to thank you for—"

"For just nothing at all!" said the Major, tartly. "Hold your tongue, Tom Meredith, and give this bill to your youngest torment to buy candy with."

And the major rushed back to his hotel to dress with special reference to quite a different day's work.

Major Chelsey had scarcely climbed the ladder the day before, when Miss Victoria Western, going into the front guest-chamber for her furs, caught a glimpse of his honest face, just on a level with the topmost panes of the window, and his hands manipulating a huge brush.

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Miss Victoria, "it's Major Chelsey! No it isn't! its a horrid painter man. It's—"

She stood a moment in puzzled wonderment. Then something definite seemed to shape itself out of the chaos of her mind.

"I've heard of adventurers before, she murmured, clasping her hands nervously together, "but I never met one before. Why, it's as plain as the noonday! Major Chelsey is no Indian officer; he's a wretch of a common house-painter, who thinks to marry our Beatrice; but he'll not succeed! no—not he!"

She flew down stairs to impart the astonishing tidings to her mother and Beatrice.

"Well—I—ne-ver!" ejaculated Mrs. Western, in blank dismay.

"The impudence of the man!" screamed Victoria. "But of course, Beatrice, you'll never speak to the man again."

Beatrice turned white and red, and red and white again, before she spoke, and finally the words crept out, low and hesitating:

"But, Mrs. Western, what difference does it make whether he is a major or a house-painter, when—when——"

Mrs Western and Victoria waited in awful silence for the last four words.

"When I love him?"

And then burst the storm of objurgation over Beatrice's shrinking head, until the little thing crept away in tears, to hide her doubts and terrors in the welcome solitude of her own apartment.

"A cousin of mine degrade herself by presuming to be in love with a mechanic!" shrieked Mrs. Western.

"And a man, too, who has never even declared himself," added Victoria.

This was the unkindest cut of all, and Beatrice believed herself to be not only low-minded and unrefined, but unmaidenly also. But for all that she was certain of one thing—she loved the major, or the painter, or whatever he was, and she could not help herself.

All that day and all the next, the domestic storm raged with unsoftened vehemence, and a bout noon, just as Beatrice was beginning seriously to contemplate the possibility of packing her few dresses into a bundle, and running away to service, somewhere, the drawing-room door opened, and "Major Chelsey, to see Miss Moore," was announced.

Beatrice rose with varying color, and held out one trembling little hand. Mrs. Western glared on the new comer, and Victoria kept her eyes steadily on the carpet.

"How dare you come here, sir?" demanded the matron, fiercely.

The major's belligerent blood fired up.

"To see Miss Moore," he said, with cool audacity, that made Mrs. Western's cap frills stand straight out.

"And what business can you have with Miss Moore?"

The major glanced at Beatrice's face; something in the violet eyes gave him courage.

"To ask her to marry me ma'am."

"You—a treacherous adventurer, a common house-painter, dressed up to deceive society in a major's uniform? Your impertinence is beyond my comprehension! Beatrice, why do you not order him out of your presence at once?"

"Beatrice," said the major—it was the first time the musical Italian name had ever crossed his lips in addressing her—"is it yes or no?"

"No!" emphatically interposed Mrs Western.

Major Chelsey half turned away, but a light hand fell on his arm. Beatrice had glided to his side.

"Yes, Hugh."

"What? you are willing to marry a house painter?"

"I am willing to marry you."

And then the major, still holding tight to the little hand that had fallen on his arm, quietly explained the circumstances that had placed him temporarily in so peculiar a light. Mrs. Western flushed and paled alternately.

"I am sure, Major, I never intended any offence—I——"

"No apologies, Madam," said the major, with a light inflection of sarcasm in his voice. "As long as I am sure of disinterested love, the opinion of others is of very little consequence to me."

And Beatrice, in the romance of her little heart, almost wished that Hugh Chelsey was a "common house-painter," in order that she might prove still more satisfactorily how very, very dearly she loved him.

General Joe Hooker offers to bet $50,000 that Dr. Horace Greeley will be elected President in November.

That young man who went reeling through the streets the other day, drunk, must have forgotten he has a mother and sisters.

Something new in this latitude is promised at the next term of the Circuit Court for the 8th Circuit, to be held at Anderson Court House, in the shape of a breach of promise case.

Messrs. J. J. Norton and A. W. Thompson have laid out a town at the crossing of the Blue Ridge and Air-Line Railroads, called Seneca City, and propose to sell out lots on the 13th of August next.

From Father to Son.

One day a young man entered a merchant's office, in Boston, and with a pale and care-worn face, said:

"Sir, I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have $1,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant, "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant, "you don't drink."

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of that kind?"

"No sir; I am superintendent of the Sunday School."

"Well," said the merchant, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have $5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

"Das Oonion Hill coome by dees cars?" inquired a jolly Dutchman on Saturday night, as he staggered into a Union Hill car at Hoboken.

"Yaw, Fritz," answered a fellow-countryman.

"Veat cakes, all the vile, Yacob," said Fritz, nearly crushing his friend's toes in his attempts to steady himself.

"Fritz, you pe tam heavy to-night."

"Yass, I bees full of hot Dom and Sherrys, Yacob; I vas a fool to dry Yankee drinks; Dom and Sherry doo much for Fritz. I must dry und get some fresh air on the platform, Yacob."

Fritz succeeded in getting the door open about six inches; a biting wind blew through the aperture, when an indignant passenger sprung to his feet and closed the door with a suddenness that turned Fritz half around.

"Bees dis car on the outside or inside?" inquired Fritz.

"You are all right, Fritz; sit dow[illegible] this corner," said Yacob.

"Dank you, Yacob; if I sleeps when mine house coomes along, dell me who I am."

The champion reaper—advertising.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he's a little Bigger.

A Janesville, Wisconsin, girl frightened her serenaders away by falling out of the window.

"You cruel man," cried Mrs. Jellikins, "my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well drop 'em, then," said the brutal Jellikins.

The girl must have been somewhat excited when she pulled her beau's nose, kissed the bell pull, and sweetly said good-night.

What is the difference between a hollow tube and a silly dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other is a silly Hollander.

A patriotic citizen boasts that "no people on earth can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base ball."

Judge David Davis and Gov. Parker, nominees of the Labor Reformers for President and Vice-President, have withdrawn in favor of Greeley and Brown.